

## you want things you can touch

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## you want things you can touch

by [ExtraSteps](#)

### Summary

Dream's instincts wake him up in the middle of the night. Someone is missing, and something is wrong.

Dream felt restless. He stood at the window of his bedroom, looking out into the night, nose turned up as he tried to catch the scent of whatever was enticing him from his den. It was late, and the neighbourhood was quiet, but his instincts were pushing at his chest, trying to lead him somewhere.

He had long ago learned to trust his instincts. They'd never steered him wrong once.

He walked back to his bed, retrieving his phone from his bedside table and unlocking it. There were no calls or texts from any of his friends. It should be reassuring, as surely one of them would have contacted him if there was something wrong, but he couldn't push aside that sense of unease that was making every hair on his arms stand on end.

Padding from his room, he stood by Sapnap's bedroom door. He could hear him tossing and turning slightly, but there was no indication of anything that might be causing him distress, so silently, he continued on.

The bedroom at the end of the hallway was where George slept. The door was ajar, and when Dream gently nudged it open, he noted that it was empty. He frowned, glancing at his phone again. George should have been home from work an hour ago.

He unlocked his phone, dialling George's number from memory.

His fingers were clutched tight around the device as he listened to it ring, and ring, and ring.

He hung up before it could go to voicemail, returning to his room with a deeply furrowed brow. Something was wrong. George was late, hadn't messaged him, and wasn't answering his phone? That wasn't like him at all.

Dream pulled a hoodie on and wrenched on his shoes, scooping up his keys from where he'd placed them on his desk. He slid his wallet into his back pocket and stepped out of his room, closing the door behind him with a quiet click.

He paused on the threshold to Sapnap's room, debating on whether or not he should wake him up. He didn't know there was an emergency yet, but he knew that if their roles were reversed, he would be pissed if Sapnap didn't wake him.

Mind made up, he knocked on Sapnap's door and opened it.

"Mmm?" the other man grunted, his sheets rustling as he sat up. His long ears twitched and he rubbed at his eyes sleepily. "Dream? What's wrong?"

"George isn't back," Dream told him. "And he isn't answering his phone."

"Wait, what time is it?" Sapnap asked, suddenly more alert and glancing up at the clock that hung on the wall above his desk. "It's late."

"Yeah," Dream agreed, chest stirring again with the urgent need to run, to hunt down his friend and make sure he was okay. "I'm just gonna drive past his work, see if I can find out what's keeping him."

"You think he's just staying back?" Sapnap asked.

He shrugged. "I hope so. I'll call you if I need to."

"Definitely," Sapnap said. "Seriously, I don't give a shit. You need me, I'm there."

His shoulders released some of their tension. "I know," he said with a smile. "Love you, Sap."

"Love you, Dream," Sapnap said fondly. "Go get your man, yeah? Bring him home."

He nodded, and Sapnap gave him a reassuring smile, settling back down into his bed. He closed the door gently, before making his way out of the house and getting into his truck. He turned the key, winding his window down. That elusive scent was still calling out to him, and he couldn't help but wonder if it had anything to do with George and why he wasn't home yet.

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Dream pulled up in front of the gas station where George worked nights. A quick glance told him that George's car wasn't there, but he still jumped out of his truck anyway, heading inside. The scent was stronger here, itching at his sensitive nose and making his fists tighten.

At this eerie time between late night and early morning, the gas station was deserted. Only the attendant was there, and he straightened up as Dream approached, eyes widening slightly.

He cut right to the chase. "Where's George?"

George's co-worker, who Dream had met once or twice, immediately paled. "He didn't make it home?"

Dream growled. "Obviously not." His eyes flicked down to the name badge on his belt. "Bad, where is he? What happened to him?"

Underneath that overpowering scent, there were the faintest threads of George and sweat and fear, and it was making Dream feel helpless. He *hated* feeling helpless.

"I sent him home well over an hour ago," Bad told him. "He was really pale and he was sweating a lot. He didn't look too good."

Dream's stomach sank. "You let him drive home like that?"

"He said he was fine!" Bad insisted. "And he promised he would message me when he got home, and then he didn't message me! I was actually about to try calling you."

"Oh," Dream said, slightly mollified. "Well, good. Next time, call me first, okay?"

"Definitely," Bad agreed, nodding fervently. "Let me know when you find him, okay? I'm really worried."

Dream nodded, already backing away. This was a dead end, but knowing that George was sick had his mind racing. When George was feeling ill, he could get really lightheaded and confused. He would have tried to head home, but in a state like that, he probably wouldn't remember that he'd moved in with him and Sapnap only a few months earlier.

He jumped back into his truck, peeling back onto the highway and turning out towards the suburb where he'd used to live. Checking his suspicion and praying that he was right, he called Karl, George's former roommate.

It picked up after a single ring. "Dream?"

"Karl," he said, listening intently. "Is George—"

"Here?" Karl asked him with a nervous laugh. "I guess you could say that, yes."

Dream audibly sighed with relief. "Thank God," he said. "I'm already on my way. Is he alright?"

"Dude, you don't know?" Karl asked him.

Dream huffed. "Know what, Karl?"

"Oh," Karl said. "I thought he told you. I'm so sorry, I would have called. I just thought you guys had decided to stay apart for it or something."

Frustration made him clench his fingers around the steering wheel, the urge to speed up almost overpowering him. The only thing that stopped him was knowing that getting pulled over in this state would prevent him from seeing what the fuck was going on with George.

"Karl," he warned, a hint of a snarl lacing his tone.

"Right, right," Karl said, stumbling over his words. "He's in heat, Dream."

Dream's brain stalled. That scent, the one teasing at him, overwhelming him. God, it made so much sense now.

"I'll be there in a few minutes," he told him, disconnecting the call and refocusing on the road.

Fuck, a heat? He hadn't even considered that as an option. Of course George had heats. He wasn't a canine like he and Sapnap were, who had cyclical ruts where they had an urge to go bark at the moon and hump anything that moved. He was such an idiot. He should have realised that as a feline, George would have different cycles.

Finally, an age later but really only four minutes later, he pulled up in front of Karl's house, relieved to find that George's car was in the driveway. The scent was thick as he stepped out of his truck, and now that he was actually near George, he could smell the musk and sweetness in it, like cotton candy that melted on his tongue.

He wanted to roll around in it, wanted to bask in it and let it soak into every pore.

Dream took a shuddering breath, tugging hard on his instincts and smothering them down. What he wanted didn't matter right now. What mattered was getting George home and safe and secure from anyone who might hurt him in this vulnerable state.

When he felt calmer, he made his way to the door and let himself in. "Karl?"

"Kitchen," Karl called back.

He stalked down the hallway, every sense alive and buzzing. He stepped into the kitchen, looking at Karl who was tucked away behind the dining room table, looking pale and stressed, four long, bright red swipe marks clearly outlined on his bare chest.

Dream frowned. "Are you okay?"

Karl nodded slowly. "I'll live," he told him, sounding exhausted. "I'm glad you're here though. He's really going through it. I've never seen him like this before."

His eyes were focused high, and Dream followed his gaze to the top of the kitchen cabinets, where George had somehow wedged himself, tail lashing madly from side to side. He was pale and his eyes were glassy with pain, his fangs bared in a hiss as he glared down at Dream, clearly seeing him as a threat. It gave his heart a pang to see his friend so far gone, and his face fell.

"Will you be okay with him?" Karl asked quietly after a few long, tense moments. "I have work in the morning, and I gotta treat these."

"Yeah, shit," Dream said. "I'm sorry, dude."

"Hey, it's all good, seriously," Karl said. "I've been there, believe me. I just gotta head to bed before I pass out."

"Thanks," he nodded. "I'll use George's key to lock up behind us."

Karl gave a sigh of relief. "Thanks dude. Good luck."

"Could you message Sapnap for me?" he asked him. "Let him know we're here?"

"Sure," Karl agreed. "Anyone else?"

"Bad as well?" he added. "From his work."

Karl nodded and ducked out of the room, leaving him alone with George.

The door closed behind him, and Dream turned back towards the kitchen, taking in the path of destruction that littered the room, right up to where George was perched on top of a cabinet. He didn't look at him too closely, instead shutting off the lights and moving to the centre of the room, waiting.

"What do you want?" George hissed after it was clear that Dream wasn't going to approach him. There was a gravelly undertone to his voice. It was clear that George wasn't in control of himself.

He smiled wanly. "I'm just waiting," he said calmly.

"For what?"

Dream kept his eyes down, his body language subservient. He didn't want George to perceive him as a threat. "To find out what you need," he said simply.

There was no response. He waited, taking slow, deep breaths, his heartbeat calm, waiting for it to slowly influence George. The feline mimicked him, and soon his heart had stopped racing so erratically, back to a steady thrum. The quiet and the dark was helping to calm him down.

Next problem.

"Are you hot?" He asked gently.

"Yes," came the hoarse whisper.

"Would you like me to get you a glass of water?"

Silence. But with his sense sharpened towards George, he heard him lick his lips.

"May I get you some water?" he prompted again, his voice soft.

"Yes."

Dream nodded, moving slowly over to the sink. He opened the shelf above it, pulling out a glass. He waited for a moment, giving a slight smile as he heard George move along the top of the cabinet, closer to him.

"Do you want to check the glass?" he asked. Felines in heat were all instinct, and had good cause to fear being drugged when they were this vulnerable. He didn't want to give George any reason to fear him.

He lifted it slowly, not surprised when it was snatched from his hand. He heard sniffing and then it was returned to him. "Water," George demanded.

"Yes sweetheart," he crooned. "I'll get you some water."

He turned on the tap, filling the glass and lifting it back up.

"I'm not your sweetheart," George said, sounding annoyed, not taking the glass. Dream glanced up, meeting his eyes.

"Not if you don't want to be," he agreed easily. "Would you like the water, George?"

He nodded reluctantly, eyes falling to the glass.

"It's okay," he said, keeping his voice calm and sweet. "You can have it, it's yours."

A hand reached out nervously, eyes darting between him and the glass, like he expected Dream to grab at him. He wasn't going to make the mistake of rushing into this. George was going to come to him of his own free will.

"Would you prefer it if I put it down and stepped back?" he asked.

George's hand paused, eyes flicking back up to his. "Please?" he whispered.

Dream nodded, and he set the glass down on the bench beside the sink, moving back over to the other side of the room, sitting down with his back against the wall. He could reach George within a second if he really wanted to, but the distance would reassure him.

Sure enough, George clambered down after watching him for a few seconds, picking up the water with both hands and bringing it to his mouth. The liquid vanished a second later, George giving a whine of loss. Dream's fingers clenched against his thighs, the sound sending a flash of heat through him. God but he wanted to bury his nose in George's neck and breathe him in, hands roaming as he tried to elicit more of those noises from him.

"More?" George asked, turning to give him a pleading look.

"You can turn the tap on," Dream reminded him.

"No," George said simply, awkwardly putting the glass down and holding up his hands. They looked more like paws than hands. His control was completely shot. Inwardly, Dream cursed. It would take a lot of work to get George back in control of his own body.

"Would you like me to get it for you?" he asked him.

George nodded immediately, and Dream stood up, waiting for a moment to give George a chance to move away if he wanted to. He took a step back, but otherwise remained still.

He moved carefully, keeping his eyes down, pleasantly surprised when George let him approach. Picking up the glass, he refilled it and turned slowly, offering it to him.

"Here," he said quietly. "I'll fill it up as many times as you want me to."

The feline was skittish as he inched closer, on the balls of his feet, ready to leap away at the first sign of Dream trying to grab him. But despite his anxiety, George still approached, hands reaching out to take the glass.

Dream closed his eyes, trying not to breathe him in too deeply. George smelled like a complete snack right now and he wanted him so badly he burned with it. But for him to be blessed enough tonight for George to accept him as he so badly wanted, he would need to play the patient game. It was going to be a long night.

George took the glass from him, bringing it up to his lips and swallowing it down as quickly as the last one, holding it back out to him with a pleading look.

He reached forward carefully, taking the glass and refilling it. He did this three more times, and each time George looked a little less wary. The last glass was sipped at, George studying him over the rim with those perceptive brown eyes, flicking up and down. He would still need more water, but his initial thirst appeared to have been quenched.

"Do you feel better?" Dream asked.

George nodded, offering him the empty glass and Dream set it down on the bench. He studied George, a little surprised to note that he was naked. He hadn't realised at first because of the thin layer of fur that covered his body. It was tan in colour, a little darker than the usual creamy colour of George's skin. It was also covered in slightly darker rings and spots, concentrated more heavily around certain areas.

He was as cute as he was dangerous. His fingers twitched with the urge to touch, and George took a half step back, watching him warily.

"I'm sorry," he said immediately.

"You want to touch me," George observed. He didn't sound angry, merely curious.

Dream nodded. "Your fur looks soft," he said, unable to keep the tone of longing out of his voice.

"It is," George confirmed, still watching him warily. He moved away, but slowly, half turned towards him still. Dream's eyes dropped, and he had to bite down on his tongue to hold in the growl that threatened to erupt from somewhere deep in his chest.

In between two furred and spotted cheeks, at the base of George's spine, his tail lashed from side to side, showing that George was still quite agitated. His eyes tracked the movement as a deep hunger threatened to overwhelm him. The scent of George's heat was definitely getting to him. He needed fresh air, fast.

He dragged his gaze away, looking out the high windows. It was pitch dark outside, still the middle of the night. There wouldn't be many people around. It should be safe to take George outside.

George was pacing at the other end of the room, his eyes also focussed on the windows, no doubt plotting an escape.

"Do you want to go out?" Dream asked him.

"*He* said I wasn't allowed to," George snarled at him, tail whipping around his body, obviously referring to Karl.

"I can take you out, if you want," Dream assured him. "I'd need to stay with you though, to keep you safe."

George studied him, eyes narrowed in suspicion. "Safe from what?" He asked.

"Safe from people who might want to hurt you, or others who might want to take you against your will, or from hurting yourself or others," Dream explained, his voice serious. "I'll do my best to protect you from all of it, if you'll let me."

"Safe," George echoed, chewing on his lower lip. "And who will keep me safe from you?"

Dream opened his hands, turning his neck away, keeping his body language completely submissive. "I won't lay a finger on you unless you ask me to, or unless I need to get you away from danger. You have my solemn vow."

Suddenly George was there, directly in front of him, fangs pressed to his neck, claws digging into his stomach. Dream held his breath, keeping completely still. George could kill him right now. Dream wouldn't be able to stop him. But he had to trust. He closed his eyes, allowing George to hold his life in his hands.

His heart thudded in his chest as George slowly pulled back, eyes flashing. Dream let his breath out with a relieved sigh. He was getting there, building trust between them.

“I want to go out,” George said simply, still standing in front of him.

“We can go out,” Dream agreed, “if you put pants on.”

George’s nose wrinkled up. “I don’t want pants.”

Dream rolled his eyes. “You can take them off when we get home. Until then, pants.”

The scowl that George shot him was vicious, but Dream held his ground. He knew how private George was, and he knew he’d be mortified to be swanning around the town without any clothes on.

He moved to the door and waited, listening to George grumble as he stalked over to where his pants were, pulling them on. They were grey sweatpants, loose on him, and Dream bit back a smirk as George struggled to pull them up over his tail. Eventually he figured it out, scowling as he managed to slip his tail through the normal hole designed for such a purpose.

Dream had always had a weakness for George’s tail, and he struggled to keep his composure as he watched George impatiently tugging it into position.

“Come on then,” Dream said, his eyes firmly on the ceiling and his cheeks hot.

Dream led George outside, locking the door behind them with the keys he’d swiped from the kitchen bench. He stalked over to his truck, opening the passenger door for George.

Only ten minutes ago, George probably would have made a break for it, but now, he stepped forward, looking more than a little scared as he clambered up into the truck, perching on the edge of the seat, tension clear in every muscle of his body.

“George,” he said gently, drawing his attention. “You’re safe with me, I promise.”

The feline studied him and said nothing, distrust clear in the narrowing of his eyes.

“I’m your Dream,” he told him. “I would never hurt you.”

A sliver of uncertainty broke through. “Dream?” he asked, his voice small and scared.

“I’ve got you, Georgie,” he reassured him. “Sit back for me, okay? You need to put a seatbelt on.”

George leaned back, watching warily as Dream reached across him to put his seatbelt on.

This close, his scent was mouth-watering, and Dream inhaled sharply, head turning towards George.

And George’s hackles rose, the corner of one lip raising to show his fangs. Distantly, Dream felt a sense of pride at how strong George was being right now. He could smell that the feline was in pain, and terrified, and feverish, but somehow he was keeping it together enough to keep himself safe.

The seatbelt clicked in, and Dream withdrew, closing George’s door and stalking around the car, fighting against his instinct to rip George back out of the car and taste him.

He climbed in, purposefully ignoring George as he put on his own seatbelt and started up the truck,



heading back towards the highway.

He couldn't take George home in this state. Sapnap's nose was just as sensitive as his own, and George was too far gone to just ride out this heat. He was in pain, and that would only get worse the longer he left it. Normally, felines could manage their heats with medication and rest and plugs, but clearly this one must have taken George by complete surprise. He'd never even heard of a feline being so far gone in their heat that their hands and skin became more feline.

There were rumours, of course, of both felines and canines becoming full shifters, but Dream had always dismissed them as just that, rumours. But George was making him wonder if perhaps there was more truth to them than what he'd thought.

No, he had to take George somewhere else, somewhere private and away from anyone who might try to hurt him.

Luckily, Dream had grown up in this town, and knew the best spot to take him.

"It might get a little bumpy," he warned him.

George nodded tightly, watching with wary eyes as he turned off onto a track that headed into the woods. There was a cabin out here, by the river, where Dream had often visited with his family when he was a kid. Though it was often booked out, the owner had let it fall into disrepair, so it had been left abandoned for at least the past year.

Hopefully, it would be sturdy enough for them to spend the night in.

It took almost five minutes for George to relax. Nothing bad had happened; they hadn't even come across a single other car. He lifted his head up, opening his eyes.

"Fast," he whispered, only just loud enough to be heard over the rumble of the engine.

Dream smiled. He loved driving his truck, the windows down, feeling the wind whipping through his hair, his heart thundering as he raced along the road. It was even better at this time of night, when he could go a little faster, secure in the knowledge that there would be pretty much no one else around.

They weren't far away now, which was lucky, as George had started taking deep whiffs of his scent, leaning over, his nose snuffling against his pulse. It made him feel weak at the knees.

"Smells good," George purred. A rough tongue licked the salt of his skin and Dream bit back a curse. Fuck, he should have realised that this would happen. George was deep into his heat now, and he'd apparently decided that he trusted him. It wouldn't take much longer until the feline started to try and seduce him.

But as much as he was enjoying the sharp glide of fangs running up the column of his throat, he had no intention of anything happening between them unless George said so. George, not the feline.

"Nearly there," he said soothingly. "Just be patient for a few more minutes."

George hummed against his ear, nibbling on it. Fuck, that was such a weakness for him. He wouldn't be able to hold out much longer. His cock was already rock hard in his pants, and George's hands were slowly moving down, one slipping underneath his hoodie to press against his bare stomach.

His whole body shuddered and he slowed down a little. If he wasn't careful, distracted as he was, he was going to drive them off the road and into a tree.

"George," he said through gritted teeth. "Please don't do that."

"Why?" George asked, nipping harder at his ear.

Dream wanted to close his eyes, wanted to surrender to it. *Think of George*, he urged himself. *Think about what he wants, not what your cock wants.*

"I might crash," he pointed out, trying to keep his patience.

"So stop driving," George said matter-of-factly, his breath hot on his ear. "Don't you want to pet my soft fur?"

*Fuck*. He really, *really* wanted to.

He groaned but kept going.

"Stop," George whispered in his ear, tongue tracing the shell, hand moving lower. "Let's play."

He turned the truck down the path. He needed to get to the river. That was his only salvation now.

George gripped him through his pants, giving an approving purr against his ear. Dream whined. Just a little further.

"Pull over," George purred, fingers sliding up and down his length, robbing the last thread of his sanity. His canine side took over, pulling the truck to the side of the path and shutting off the engine. He sprang out of the car, ripping off his hoodie, his eyes watching George with predatory glee as he scrambled out of the car as well.

"Run, little kitty cat," he goaded. "You wanna play? Let's play."

George's eyes widened, and he bolted further into the woods, gone from sight within seconds. Dream took a deep whiff, wrenching his shirt off and throwing them aside, kicking off his shoes at the same time. He made short work of his pants and socks, leaving him in just his briefs. That would do; he didn't want to give George too much of a head start.

He followed George's scent, his long legs closing the distance between them easily. He had spent his whole childhood in these woods, honing his instincts. Catching George would be easy.

"Here kitty kitty," he crooned, leaping over fallen logs and dodging trees, following his erratic trail.

He herded him through the preserve, cutting him off when he went too far in a different direction, leading him towards the river.

It was wide. Too wide for George to jump across. He would have to swim.

George's head whipped towards him as he stepped out of the cover of the trees, brown eyes wide.

"Hello pretty kitty," Dream whispered. He'd almost got control back from his canine side, but it was hard. George smelled so good, so tempting, and he desperately wanted to taste him, but he wouldn't take George against his will.

He fought back enough that he could sit down, pressing his claws into his own thighs, using the pain to keep control.

George's chest was heaving, eyes wild, sweat evident on his skin.

"Why don't you cool down a bit?" he suggested, voice hoarse. "Drink some more water."

"You'll catch me," George hissed.

He shook his head. "I'll stay. I'll wait," he promised.

George took a step back into the water, eyes warily pinned to him. The cold water would reign in the heat a bit, helping him to think clearer.

"You're alright," he said in that same, soothing tone, slowing his heartbeat again, taking long, deep breaths like he'd been taught, centering himself and gaining back his control. He closed his eyes, turning inward, waiting until he was completely calm before opening them again.

George was wading backwards into the creek, the water halfway up his chest. On the bank of the creek, his sweatpants lay discarded, damp at the ankles.

He looked a little less wild as he brought his hands in front of him, cupping them to lift up some water and tipping it into his mouth. He gave a pleased rumble, doing it again.

His thirst quenched, George looked up at him. He was starting to look uncertain, glancing around. He was coming back to himself, completely disorientated. He closed his eyes, brow furrowed, and when he opened them almost a minute later, they were clearer.

Dream got to his feet, moving to stand at the edge of the water.

"Are you alright, George?" He asked quietly.

"I feel weird," he said in a small voice.

"It's your heat," Dream explained. "It took you pretty hard."

"Heat?" George asked, his cheeks heating. His attention turned inward, and suddenly he blanched, his normally faint freckles standing out against his skin. "Oh my god," he whispered, horrified. "I was nibbling on your ear like a complete tart. I even touched your cock, oh my fucking god."

Dream sniggered and George splashed him, starting to look angry.

"Don't laugh at me, this is serious," he scolded him.

He shook his head, definitely glad now that he hadn't given in to his base desires. "It's fine, George. My plan worked, you're back in control. No harm, no foul."

George narrowed his eyes at him. "So that's all this is?" He asked. "Dump me in a river and then wash your hands of me."

"Not necessarily," Dream said. He looked at George, holding his gaze as he stepped into the freezing cold water.

"What are you doing?" George asked him warily. He only just seemed to have noticed Dream's lack of clothes, and his eyes widened, cheeks turning bright red. It was adorable.

"I didn't want to touch you until you could tell me you wanted it," Dream purred, stepping closer and closer, closing the distance between them. "And now you can, George."

“Dream,” George whispered, eyes glued to his face, searching it for any sign of dishonesty.

“I like the way you say my name,” Dream said in a low, seductive voice. “How will it sound when you’re screaming it?”

George’s eyes widened. “You want me?” he asked, looking shocked.

Dream stopped moving. The water was at his waist now, cooling some of his ardour. “Enough to get into a fucking freezing cold river at three in the morning,” he pointed out.

He moved in a little closer, shivering as the water climbed up his stomach. If he wasn’t a canine he would be violently shaking by now, well on his way to catching hypothermia.

Stopping in front of George, he looked down at him. “What do you say, George? Do you want me to help sate your heat?”

George looked up at him. “Is it the only way?” he asked, sounding uncertain.

Dream considered this. “Well, no,” he said reluctantly. “As long as you keep your body temperature down like this, you should be able to ride it out,” Dream informed him. “You’ll be fucking horny as hell, but it’ll be bearable.”

“Okay,” George said, making Dream’s heart sink. George didn’t want him. “So you’re not offering yourself because you’re the only option?”

“I guess so,” Dream agreed, trying not to pout.

“What I’m saying,” George said, stepping in even closer, their bodies almost touching, “is that you would want me either way, right? It’s not just because of the heat?”

His eyes widened. “Right,” Dream whispered.

“Good,” George said firmly, placing his hands on Dream’s body, sliding them up and over his pecs, wrapping them around his neck, nothing tentative in the way he used his weightlessness in the water to wrap himself around Dream and guide his head down for a soft, searching kiss.

Dream’s eyes fluttered closed, his mouth arching against George’s, his arms holding him tight against his body. He could feel George’s cock against his stomach, rock hard despite the cold water, could feel the heat coming off him in waves as George started to writhe in his arms, making soft mewling noises into his mouth.

He pulled away, looking down at George’s brown eyes. He cupped his cheek with one hand, tenderly caressing it.

“I need your explicit consent,” he said quietly. “Tell me you want this.”

“Dream,” George said, just as serious. “I very much want to have sex with you right now.”

He shook his head. “It’s more than that.”

“Explain it to me,” George demanded, starting to sound frustrated. Dream couldn’t blame him. Even out here in the fresh air, George’s scent was thick, blanketing everything, filling his nostrils. He’d been in heat for who knew how many hours now, reaching the highest, neediest point. His hole would be aching by now, desperate to be filled.

“If you rut with someone during your heat, well, nine time out of ten it generally ends with mating

bites,” he said, flushing a little. He’d already felt those fangs of George’s against his neck tonight. He’d love them there again, sinking in, claiming him. “God, I really want to bite you,” Dream groaned, head tilting up to stare up at the sky. “I don’t think I’d be able to fuck you without biting you, George,” he said ruefully, looking back down at him.

“Biting?” George asked, eyes twinkling. “Kinky.”

“Mating,” Dream sighed. “Essentially we’d be like, married. Bonded for life, etcetera, etcetera.

George considered him with a serious expression on his face. “You knew that,” he observed, “and you offered yourself anyway.”

Dream looked at him, suddenly feeling quite vulnerable. “Yes,” he whispered.

“You’re Dream,” George said. He looked puzzled. “You could have anyone.”

He shrugged. “And yet I only want you.”

“Oh,” George whispered. His hands tightened at the nape of his neck, looking strangely touched. “You choose me? Out of every other possible person in the whole world?”

“Yep,” Dream said, smiling down at him.

“But I’m just George,” he objected.

He rolled his eyes. “And I’m just Dream.”

George gave him a shy smile. “I just don’t get it, I guess. You’re so cool and confident and like, crazy hot. Why would you want to be stuck with me for the rest of your life?”

Dream raised an eyebrow at him. “George, I am incredibly attracted to you,” he explained patiently. “From the top of your floppy brown hair right down to your cute little toes, I’m obsessed with you.” He paused for a moment, eyes darkening. “God, the things I want to do to you. That tail fucking slays me, honestly.”

George smirked but said nothing, fingers scratching at the back of his neck, making him want to purr.

“You call to me. I knew the second you were distressed. I could feel it, could feel you calling out to me from miles away,” he continued, more serious now. “I can’t help but feel that this is what was meant to be.”

“Like, soulmates?” George asked quietly.

Dream smiled, longing filling his chest. “Yeah,” he whispered.

George leaned in closer, kissing him again, and Dream melted into it, nibbling on his lower lip and then coaxing his mouth open with his tongue. George’s tongue stroked his, his fingers sliding up into his hair to hold him close as he sighed.

He pressed kisses up George’s jaw, nipping at his earlobe, smirking as he shivered. Looked like it was a weak spot for George as well.

And then he did what he’d been wanting to do for over an hour now, burying his face in his neck and breathing him in, letting that sweet scent fill his lungs, sending excitement and arousal sizzling through his veins.

“Fuck you smell so good,” he groaned, nuzzling in closer, holding George tight against him, licking up the smooth, pale skin of his neck.

“Good enough to eat?” George asked with a lazy drawl, fingers gently running through his hair.

Dream pulled back, eyes dark with need. “Oh definitely,” he agreed, giving him a wolfish grin.

George smiled, and there was nothing innocent about it.

“Time to go,” he said, releasing him and then stepping back, standing on his own once more.

“Otherwise you’re gonna be taking me out in the middle of the fucking forest.”

“Could be fun,” Dream smirked, even as he stepped back.

“I don’t doubt it,” George agreed, “but I’m fairly certain I would prefer a nice soft bed to the hard cold ground.”

Dream chuckled. “That’s fair.”

He shivered a little as the cool night air hit the water on his skin. He waited for George to pick up his sweatpants, eyeing the way the drops of water trickled down his skin, catching in the light hairs that lead down his stomach.

“Dream,” George warned him. “If you keep looking at me like that, we won’t make it to a bed.”

But he couldn’t help it. There it was, George’s cock, rock hard and pretty as a picture, just begging for him to touch it. The need that had been simmering in his belly was swiftly becoming a forest fire burning everything in its path, including his willpower. And the longer he stared, the sweeter George smelled.

“Dream,” George said again, a groan now, knees starting to tremble.

He was on him in a second, picking him up just as easily despite the lack of water, kissing him hungrily. George wrapped around him and Dream’s hands roamed up and down his back, finally moving down to grip his ass, massaging his firm, round cheeks, spreading them apart.

The scent of George’s slick filled his nostrils and he snarled, fangs dropping down with the urge to claim, to slake his lust in the warm and willing body clinging to him. “Mine,” he said in a low growl.

George’s eyes widened, and he licked his lips. “Yours,” he agreed with a shiver. He was struggling with his control again, eyes flashing, mouth falling open as he started lightly panting. Dream needed to be inside him so desperately that he ached, but he fought for his control, gritting his teeth as he wrestled with himself. George deserved more than a hard fuck in the woods.

And yet, his little kitten was writhing in his arms, whispering his name, his cock leaking against their stomachs, nails scratching at the back of his neck and urging him on.

He was fighting a losing battle.

“Please,” George whispered urgently, bucking his hips. “Dream, touch me.”

“What happened to a nice warm bed?” Dream asked weakly. But George had had enough.

“Fuck the bed,” George snarled.

George unwrapped his limbs from around Dream, dropping down to his knees in front of him, those eyes shining up at him as he peeled off Dream's briefs, helping him to step out of them. He grasped Dream's cock in his hand, stroking it up and down, eyes slowly dropping down Dream's body to look at it. George groaned, leaning in to nuzzle it, nostrils flaring.

"Fuck," he whispered, burying his hands in George's hair, tightening his grip at the first tentative lick of his slit. "Oh god."

George hummed as he licked his lips, glancing up at him, holding his gaze as he pulled back the foreskin and sucked the head into his mouth. Dream trembled. George's mouth was so warm around his cock, so inviting, so overwhelming. He could come just from the unsure way George swiped his tongue underneath his cock and over the slit, tasting him.

Gradually, he got a bit braver, widening his lips to try and take him down deeper, slowly bobbing his head up and down. He didn't try to deep throat him, which Dream thanked the heavens for. He didn't think he would survive the experience. But still, the way his hand stroked what he couldn't reach with his mouth was threatening to be his undoing.

"George, if you keep doing that I'm going to come," he warned him, voice wavering into a moan as George gave a hard suck and then pulled off.

He looked up at him, giving him a sultry look. "I feel like that's the point of the exercise," he said, staring up at him as he licked up his shaft and then around the head.

Dream stared down at him blankly. What had he been saying?

George seemed pleased, returning back to slurping him down eagerly, starting to bob his head faster. Dream shook, his mind emptying of anything but pleasure, whispering George's name like a litany and bucking into the hot cavern of his mouth.

He was on the edge when he felt his legs give out, and he pulled away from George, dropping to the ground, but George was there in a second, kneeling between his legs and sucking him back down again, not giving him a moment's respite. Dream writhed, crying out, chest heaving as his balls tightened.

"George, fuck, I'm coming," he moaned, bucking up to meet his mouth, arching up and muscles locking as his cock pulsed load after load of come into George's mouth. He swallowed it all down, licking him clean, purring his satisfaction against his sensitive cock and wringing out every last drop.

He crawled up Dream's body once he was done, looking down at him, looking like that cat that caught the canary.

"I made you come," he said triumphantly, filled to the brim with smug satisfaction.

Dream chuckled, pulling him down for a kiss. "You sure did," he said, pulling George down flush against his body. George rolled his hips, sliding his cock against Dream's, making him hiss.

"What's wrong?" George asked, stopping his movements and staring down at him, brow furrowed.

"Just sensitive, sweetheart," he told him regretfully. "Don't worry, it'll pass soon."

"It better," George pouted, moving a little further up his chest. It gave Dream an idea. He grasped George's hips, pulling him up a little further. "What are you doing?" George squeaked, cheeks flushing.

“I want you up here,” Dream said, eyes glittering. “I want to taste you, want you riding my face while I make you feel good.”

George gaped at him. “That’s dirty,” he said, eyes wide as saucers.

“No it’s not,” Dream told him. “You just had a nice wash, and you’re full to the brim with slick.”

George hesitated. “What’s that?”

“It’s what’s causing that delicious smell,” Dream informed him, licking his lips. “Your body is preparing itself, slicking up your entrance. It smells good to entice your mate.” George looked intrigued, and Dream smirked. “Tastes even sweeter,” he crooned.

He still looked a little doubtful, and Dream reached around him with both hands, spreading his cheeks with his hand, gathering up some of the sweet liquid dripping from his hole and onto his chest. Bringing his finger around, he showed it to George before popping it into his mouth, sucking it clean with a happy rumble.

“What does it taste like?” George asked, intrigued despite himself.

“Candy,” Dream growled, eyes flashing gold. “Come on little kitty. Come and sit on my face. I’ll make you feel so good.”

George bit down on his lip, and Dream smoothed his hands up and down his sides, soothing him, gently guiding him closer. “Please, George?” He asked, more than a little desperate. God, he needed to taste him, to eat him out, to make him moan as he rocked his hips on his face, chasing his pleasure.

“Okay,” George whispered, cheeks on fire.

“It’ll be easier if you turn around,” he said, and George nodded, slowly turning around, squeaking when Dream lifted him, spreading his legs wider and placing them on either side of his chest. His tail lashed as he eased his cheeks apart, looking at George’s hole, wider than it would normally be and steadily leaking slick. The scent was too much for him, and he buried his face between his cheeks, tongue darting in to circle his rim, lapping at him like a warm bowl of milk.

George moaned, pressing back into it, and Dream wrapped his arms around him, holding him exactly where he wanted him as he worked his tongue in and out of his body, slurping obscenely as he drank him down.

“Fuck, fuck, Dream,” George moaned, writhing in his hold, almost sobbing, and Dream growled, trying to get closer, to get his tongue in deeper. He tasted so sweet, so enticing. He could eat him out like this all night, and would never grow tired of it.

He grasped George’s cock in one hand, gently pumping it as he worked his tongue in and out, feeling as George clenched around his tongue with a sob of his name, coating his face with slick. Dream growled eagerly, craning his neck to get closer before pulling out and licking around his rim again, sucking it into his mouth, driving George higher and higher, his moans getting louder with every flick of his tongue.

Finally, it happened, George finally losing his last shred of self-consciousness to rock back on his face, shuddering against him, his skin damp with sweat.

“Oh fuck,” George cursed, writhing, bucking between Dream’s mouth and his hand, grinding down and trying to get his tongue deeper. He was so close that Dream could taste it, his slick



becoming even sweeter, thicker, like syrup. He swallowed it down with a groan, moving his hand faster, feeling the exact moment George let go, slumping forwards with a shuddering sob as he came, pulsing in Dream's fist. Dream tilted his head back, dragging air into his burning lungs, slick dripping down his chin.

George mewled as Dream picked him up, trembling like a leaf as he turned him around, pulling him into his arms. He stumbled up onto his knees and then stood up, carrying George bridal style back towards the water. He could feel that George was burning up again, his soft fur damp with sweat once again.

He stepped into the river, wading in and lowering George into the water, still cradling him in his arms.

"I was wrong," George said hoarsely, looking up at him, his hair drifting around his head like a halo.

"About what?" Dream asked curiously.

"That," George said, cheeks going pink. "It wasn't dirty at all."

Dream smirked. "You liked it then?"

"Yes," he admitted shyly. His eyes went dreamy. "It felt so good."

"Good," Dream said gently. He moved further into the water, holding George afloat with one hand under his back and the other under his legs, supporting him until the water was up to his chest, the current pulling at him. "Can you wash my face for me?" He asked.

George looked up at him, bringing a hand to his cheek, still burning hot despite the freezing temperature of the water, tenderly running it down and over his chin, smirking a little as he wiggled his hand in the water to clean it off before paying attention to the other side. Dream leaned into his touch, eyes lidded as he looked down at his little water sprite.

How had he gotten this lucky?

Moving his hand further down George's back, he dipped him down slightly, using his other hand to run over George's belly, gently cleaning him. George gasped when his hand brushed against his cock, still rock hard, and whimpered his name as his hand drifted lower, sliding between his sticky thighs.

"Sweet boy," Dream murmured, gently rubbing them clean of slick. "I love the sounds you make for me."

George shivered, and then he was moving into his arms and wrapping around him, kissing his neck, nipping at it. Dream turned his head, giving him the access he wanted, humming his approval. He traced his fingers up and down George's spine, smiling as he arched closer, slowly rubbing against him. It was almost time.

He pulled back a bit, cupping George's cheek. "Will you drink some more water for me?" He asked gently. "You're burning up."

And he was. Dream could barely feel the cool water anymore with the heat George was throwing off.

"Can't," George gasped, lips falling open in a desperate whine. At his shoulders, George's nails

were starting to turn to claws, digging into his skin.

“Sure you can,” Dream urged him. “For me, sweetheart?”

George pouted, fangs digging into his lower lip and Dream stared at them, heart fluttering. God, he was so weak for this boy.

“Come on pretty kitty,” he goaded him, his voice smooth like velvet. “Don’t you want me filling you up? I can help ease that ache, make you feel good.”

“Tease,” George hissed, claws digging in harder, drawing blood. Dream shivered, lust firing in his bloodstream. If George had smelled like candy before, it was nothing compared to now. His fangs dropped down, eyes blazing.

“Drink the water,” he growled.

George’s face went petulant as he pushed away from him, and Dream felt the loss immediately. He turned and watched as George swam closer to the shore, looking back at him over his shoulder as he bent over, ass coming up out of the water as he knelt on all fours, hole gaping open as he leaned down to lap at the water.

*Fuck*, George was presenting.

That pert round ass slowly wiggling side to side, just coming out of the water, slick dribbling down as his tail curved up his spine was his undoing. He was on George in a second, plastered over his back and fangs at his neck, George purring in contentment as he arched his back.

“I didn’t say you could stop drinking,” Dream snarled quietly into his ear, leaning back to stroke a hand down his spine, shivering at the soft ripple of fur that followed in the wake of his touch. George turned back to drinking the water as Dream probed his hole with a finger. It slid in with no resistance whatsoever, George letting out a little mewl of pleasure, and he added a second one, sliding them in and out, twisting them and scissoring them out.

George looked back at him over his shoulder, but there was no sign of any discomfort or pain, just desire, need, lust.

“Dream,” George whispered his name. “*Please*, I’m ready.”

He stood up, bringing George with him, pulling him back against his chest, sucking at his neck as his hands roamed and explored his body, pinching at the hard rosy buds of his nipples and delighting in his moans. George writhed against him, begging, moaning, rubbing back against Dream’s cock and coating it in his slick.

Looking around, he spotted a decently soft looking patch of grass and led George there, step by stumbling step, teasing him with soft touches and kisses up his neck.

“Lie down sweetheart,” he said, nudging him towards the chosen spot, pressing a soft kiss to his shoulder. George turned and looked at him, eyes blown wide with lust.

“You lie down,” George hissed.

Dream’s cock twitched. Okay yeah, he was into it. He laid down, and George straddled him immediately, writhing against him, legs spreading wide. Dream grasped the base of his cock with one hand and George’s hip with the other, guiding the head of his cock to George’s gaping hole.

“There you go, love,” he sighed. “Take what you need. I’m yours.”

And with a long, drawn out whine, George slid onto his cock, his velvet heat enveloping him, squeezing him like a vice. Dream held his breath, trying not to blow his load straight away, teeth gritted.

George looked down at him, hands splayed on his chest, claws pricking him, eyes back in focus. “*Fuck*,” he whispered.

Dream took a shuddering breath, humming his agreement. Fuck was right. He’d never felt anything in his life that was this good, this overwhelming. The scent, the heat, the tiny pricks of George’s claws, the tight glove of his ass clenching and unclenching around him, it was too much, and yet nowhere near enough.

“Are you ready to move?” He asked, expression pained.

“Yes,” George hissed, hips rising and then lowering, painfully, exquisitely slowly. Dream whined, gripping his hips, arching up to meet his thrusts, getting his feet under him to gain more purchase. His whole world was narrowing down as he stared up at George, at his eyelids fluttering closed, lips open in a grimace of pleasure.

“Beautiful,” he breathed.

His cock throbbed, the heat making his blood boil, more and more of it rushing south. George bounced up and down, moaning loudly, his rim catching on the base of Dream’s cock, each time having to grind down harder and harder to get it to pop back in, until it had swelled too much, George’s rim stretched around it. Dream reached down to feel it, groaning as his finger rubbed the swell of his knot.

“So full,” George purred, grinding down on it, scratching and kneading at his chest, drawing blood.

“George,” he whined. He needed his lips, needed him locked against his body in every possible way, needed the closeness. He reached for George, and he came eagerly, plastering himself to his chest as he kissed him, his tongue stroking Dream’s as he lapped from his mouth, all the while clenching around his cock and giving little whines of pleasure.

He rolled them over, kissing George deeply, writhing into George’s body again and again, fucking him as best he could with his knot holding him tight inside George’s ass, needing to move. George urged him on, clawing up his back as he bucked up to meet his thrusts, purring so loudly that Dream could feel the vibrations throughout his entire body, right down to his toes.

“George, fuck, *George*,” he groaned, almost sobbing as he arched into him, his knot getting harder and harder, until he was dizzy and struggling for breath.

“Fill me,” George demanded, biting at his earlobe. “Take me.”

“Mine,” Dream snarled, and George presented his neck, crying out as he bit down, clenching hard around his cock and wailing his name, his cock pulsing between their bodies as he came untouched. Dream growled as he fucked harder, faster, his cock leaking inside George’s body. He was close, so close.

He withdrew his fangs, licking over the blood to seal the wound and pulling back slightly to look down at George, his chest heaving as he struggled for air. George smiled at him, swiping a finger over his lip and clearing off the blood before tangling his hand in his hair and pulling him down into a hot and hungry kiss.

And then he was using his grip on Dream's hair to turn his head, his own fangs sinking into his neck. Dream howled, hips thrusting erratically as he chased his pleasure, shuddering as he came harder than he'd ever come before, losing himself in the bliss of George's body connected to him in every possible way, burying himself in his heat again and again, his cock filling him with his come.

George nuzzled his neck, licking over his mark again and again, clinging to him, and Dream held himself up, his entire body trembling through the aftershocks of his orgasm. He was completely blissed out, his mind blank, verging on unconsciousness.

Rolling onto his side so as not to crush George, he held him close, one thigh thrown over his hip, their bodies still intimately connected. His knot would take a long time to go down.

Exhausted, he pushed George's damp hair away from his face.

"You okay there, pretty kitty?" He asked hoarsely.

George gave him a sleepy, satisfied smile, nuzzling in closer, eyes drifting closed. He was still hot, his heat far from over. But they'd earned a nap.

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Dream woke up alone and cold. He couldn't tell how much time had passed, but his cock was soft against his body, sticky with the combination of come and slick. He sat up, eyes locking immediately on the pale boy stepping into the water.

He must have woken when George pulled away.

George hummed as he drank some water, oblivious to his audience as he cleaned himself off. He was almost otherworldly in his beauty, and Dream drank him in, fully conscious of how lucky he was to be blessed with such a sight.

His eyes lingered on the mark at George's neck. It was still healing. Marks made by your mate tended to take longer to heal.

He went to stand up, wincing a bit at the pain that lit up across his back. Glancing over his shoulder, he smirked a little at the claw marks that littered his skin. He'd barely noticed George using him as a scratching post, too lost in the pleasure. He'd be stuck with the reminder for quite awhile.

Getting to his feet, he silently padded towards the river. George sensed him, turning towards him and offering him a bright smile, his ears twitching in his messy, floppy hair.

"How are you feeling?" Dream asked.

"Still hot," George said weakly, "but it's not as bad now." He sounded more like himself, and Dream released the last of the fear and tension he'd been holding onto.

"Good," Dream smiled, stepping into the water and into George's arms. George tilted his chin up for a kiss, eyes twinkling, and Dream indulged him, leaning down to brush his lips over his. It felt like they were in their own world, far removed from anything that could hurt them, the bond between them shining brightly.

He kissed down George's jaw and the other boy sighed happily. "Feels nice," he murmured, shivering as Dream licked at his mark. A wave of possessiveness filled him, making him tighten

his arms. This was his mate, his bonded one, his life partner. This was it for him now.

Dream pulled back, and George looked up at him, clearly coming to the same realisation.

“Wow,” he whispered.

Dream smiled. “Yeah,” he agreed.

He kissed him once more before stepping back, cleaning himself off as quickly as possible and returning to George’s lips, happy just to be close to him, to be pressed to him, skin to skin, heart to heart.

“Take me home,” George whispered against his lips.

“Ready for that nice warm bed now?” Dream teased.

George smiled. “Oh yeah, definitely,” he agreed. Dream picked him up, carrying him out of the water. This time, while their eyes and hands lingered on each other’s bodies, they were able to pick up the sweats and the still sopping wet briefs, wringing them out and carrying them away from the river, exchanging soft smiles all the while.

They were further from the cabin than he thought, but he managed to find it easily. George pouted a little at the detour from their house, but Dream was positive they would never make it home. This would have to do for the night.

The key, thankfully, was still hidden in the large flower pot next to the front porch, and he let them in. The lights didn’t turn on when he flicked the switch, but the cabin still seemed to be in decent condition, most of the furniture still in place.

He made up the bed with sheets from the cupboard while George explored the nooks and crannies around it, poking his nose into the various rooms.

The first rays of light were starting to pierce the sky as he finished. He went looking for George, who was standing in the bathroom with a lost expression on his face, his body racked with violent shivers.

“I’ve got you sweetheart,” he crooned, kissing his forehead. He picked him up, carrying straight into the kitchen, setting him down next to the sink as he grabbed a glass, filling it and holding it to George’s cracked lips. His eyes were glassy, and it took him a moment to focus on him.

“Come on George,” he urged. “Here’s your water, right here. Have a sip.”

He tilted the glass, letting some of it dribble into his mouth and George groaned, opening his mouth and drinking it greedily. Dream praised him, holding him close as he filled it again. George was able to take it from him this time, fingers shaking as they guided the water to his mouth, gulping it down.

George sighed, and Dream took the glass from his limp fingers. “Do you want more?” he asked. He shook his head, looking up at him with teary eyes.

“When will it stop?” he asked in a small voice. “I’m so tired.”

“Soon, darling,” Dream soothed him, placing the glass down and picking him up again, encouraging George to wrap around him. He carried him to the bedroom, gently placing him down on the edge of it and kneeling in front of him. “What do you need right now, George? Tell me.”

“It aches,” George whispered. He shifted on the bed, rubbing against him, and Dream soothed him with hushed whispers, telling him perfect he was, how lovely, kissing him softly between each word, and George lapped it up, brightening under the compliments.

“Get up into bed,” he urged him quietly. “I’ll be right back, I promise.”

“Okay,” George sighed. Dream left him there, going back into the kitchen and filling up a pitcher with water, grabbing a glass as well. He wouldn’t want it right now, but he probably would in the morning. He also grabbed a towel and a washcloth from his bathroom, dampening the latter. They would almost definitely be needed as well.

He walked back into the room, finding George grumbling and rolling around and around on the bed, getting his scent all over the sheets. He watched him, his mouth running dry, but George noticed him almost immediately, and the air was knocked from his lungs as he rolled onto his belly, ass pressing up into the air, presenting.

Walking around the bed, Dream’s eyes were glued to him. He put down everything in his arms on the bedside table, his eyes drinking in the array of freckles that covered George’s back. In the weak rays of light starting to fill the room, it was far easier to see and appreciate his beautiful body.

“Such a pretty kitty,” he murmured.

“Impatient kitty,” George said with a glare, and Dream’s lips quirked up.

“I don’t doubt it,” he agreed. “Nearly ready, George.”

“Hurry up,” George grumbled, fingers fisting in the blanket underneath him.

“Yes sweetheart,” Dream grinned. George was just far too cute.

He moved onto the bed, kneeling between George’s legs and spreading his cheeks. His hole looked a little red but not too bad, and George sighed as he slid a finger inside him, pillowing his head in his arms and giving a happy rumble.

Satisfied with the amount of lubrication, Dream pressed the head of his cock to George’s hole, easing it inside until he bottomed out, groaning in pleasure. He leaned over George, bracing himself with one arm on either side of his body, lips pressed to the base of his neck.

“How do you want me?” He asked, voice gravelly. “Do you want me to go slow?”

George clenched around him. “No,” he growled.

“Fast?” He asked him with a nip, slowly pulling out and then pressing in much faster.

“Yes,” George hissed.

“Soft?”

George shook his head. “Hard,” he pleaded, arching back and pressing against him. “Please, *please*.”

“Anything for you, baby boy,” Dream purred.

He pulled out, placing one hand in the middle of George’s back, holding him down, the other gripping his hip as he thrust inside of him, hard and fast, just like he wanted. George cried out, and he did it again, giving thrust after powerful thrust, getting faster and faster, the bed groaning

underneath them and hitting the wall.

George sobbed underneath him, moaned his name, begged for more, and Dream gave it to him, gave him everything, pistoning inside his body, his knot swelling quickly as pleasure raced up and down his spine. When he couldn't thrust anymore he ground into him, grabbing a handful of George's hair to pull him back against his chest, sucking at his pulse and holding him there with a hand on his belly.

"Is it good, baby? Do you feel full?" He growled into his ear.

"So full," George sobbed, grinding down on him, catching Dream's arm as he released his hair and brought his hand around his throat, bouncing George on his cock. "Please," he gasped.

He tightened his hand, watching him carefully for any signs of distress, but George just moaned, legs spreading even more, melting back into his hold, completely submissive. Dream growled his approval, his other hand slipping down to grasp George's cock, watching it slide in and out of his fist from over George's shoulder.

Letting go of George's neck, he grabbed his chin, turning it towards him and kissing him with all the passion he could muster, swallowing down George's moans as he pumped his cock, bringing him hurtling closer to the edge.

He ground up into George's body, groaning as George started to clench around him like a vice, milking his cock. His orgasm surprised him. One moment he was hovering on the edge and the next he was free falling, moaning George's name, feeling as George coated his hand in his own release at the same time. He shook against him, his cock pulsing as he filled him up.

His legs gave out and he rolled onto his side, bringing George with him, their bodies still firmly locked together by his knot. George cried out as the movement tugged at his rim, and Dream soothed him as he wrapped around him, pressing soft kisses to every bit of skin he could reach.

"You okay?" He asked.

"Yeah," George whispered, whimpering a little as he shifted a bit. Dream grabbed the other pillow behind him and placed it under George's head, doing his best to get him comfortable.

"Comfy?" He asked quietly, lips pressed to George's neck, feeling his pulse start to slow against his lips.

"I guess," George grumbled. "Sticky though."

"There's a cloth on the bedside table if you can reach it, water too," he told him.

George pushed himself up a bit, reaching forward to grab the cloth, shuddering as he used it to clean up his sensitive cock as best he could. He threw it away with a grimace, and Dream ran his hand up and down his hip, shifting forward a bit so that George could reach the water and pour himself a glass.

He sipped at it until it was gone, setting the cup down and falling back against him with a sigh.

"Get some rest," Dream said quietly.

"Okay," George hummed, settling back into his embrace. Dream curled around him, utterly content, eyes slowly closing.

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Dream woke before George, leaving him wrapped up in the sheets as he slipped from the cabin and backtracked to where they'd left his truck. He dressed quickly, driving his truck back to the cabin.

He checked on George and found him still asleep, so he checked his phone, finding several missed calls from Sapnap.

With a sigh, he clicked on his contact, the phone picked up almost immediately.

"Finally," Sapnap bitched. "What happened to checking in?"

"Did Karl not message you?" Dream asked.

"He did," Sapnap said angrily, "but then you never came home."

"Oh," Dream said, his heart sinking. "Shit, yeah, sorry dude. He wasn't in any state to go anywhere. I brought him out to the cabin."

"He was that far gone?" Sapnap asked, the anger immediately leaching from his tone.

"Would you both shut the fuck up?" George complained from the next room, his voice strained. "My head is killing me."

Dream's attention immediately turned to him. He stepped back into the room, reaching over George to the bedside table and grabbing him a glass of water.

"Here sweetheart," he said gently, helping him to take a sip of water. He slowly sipped at the water until the glass was empty. "More?" Dream asked.

"No," George said quietly. "Thank you." Dream placed the glass back down, helping George to roll over and get under the blanket, relieved that his temperature was back down to normal. The heat had finally passed. Within moments, George was fast asleep again.

Dream waited a few more moments before sliding off the bed, leaving him there and walking out into the bathroom.

Sapnap was still on the line. "So, he made it through okay?" he asked.

"Yeah," Dream agreed. "A few hairy moments, but we got there in the end."

"Well I'm glad you're both okay," Sapnap said. "I'll get started on cooking up some food if you wanna get him back here soon?"

"Yeah, that sounds great," Dream agreed. "Thanks, Sap."

"No problem, bro," Sapnap said gently. "See you soon."

He went and got George's now dry sweatpants and took off his hoodie for him to wear, making his way back into the bedroom. George rolled to look at him, his skin still pale.

"Hello there, little kitty," Dream said fondly. "Feeling any better?"

"A little," George rasped. He looked miserable, and Dream scooped him up and pulled him into his lap. George whimpered, hiding his face in his neck.



“You’re alright,” Dream soothed him, a hand rubbing up and down his back. “Just tired and sore and cranky. The heat takes a lot out of you.”

George sat still, letting Dream hold him as shivers wrecked his body. Once he’d calmed down a little, he helped him into the clothes he’d grabbed for him, charmed by how much the hoodie swam on his petite body. He leered at him, ignoring George’s annoyed scowl as a wave of possessiveness flared in his chest.

“You ready to go home?” he asked.

George nodded, and followed him quietly as they left the cabin. Thankfully, it was only a twenty minute drive back to the house, and Sapnap didn’t fuss too much over him as they walked into the kitchen.

“Here, Gogy,” Sapnap said quietly, placing a full plate in front of him. It was piled with bacon and eggs and sausages, as well as a decent serving of beans. The closest George could get to an English breakfast here in America.

Tears welled in George’s eyes as he looked down at the food. “Thank you,” he whispered hoarsely.

Dream beamed at Sapnap, helping George into his seat and claiming the spot beside him. He took the plate Sapnap offered him with a grateful smile and tucked in, encouraged by the way George devoured his food in record time.

He noted the way Sapnap’s eyes lingered on their mating bites, but he didn’t say anything, just offering Dream a reassuring grin and a thumbs up. Dream flushed and dropped his eyes, fighting against the urge to squirm.

He couldn’t deny how happy he was. George not only liked him back, but they were now dating, literally soulmates. It was everything he’d ever wanted.

After breakfast, he helped George to the bathroom. He hovered, uncertain, until George muttered a “get in here, mutt,” and then he quickly undressed, joining him under the spray of the water.

George tucked his face into his chest and stood still as Dream looked after him, massaging shampoo and conditioner into his hair, running the loofah over his skin, rinsing him off. He then shut off the water, picking George up and depositing him on the mat, wrapping him in a big fluffy bath sheet. He gave him a half-hearted hiss as he smirked, ruffling his hair.

“There’s my hissy, spitty little cat,” he crooned, ducking in to kiss the tip of his nose. George just rolled his eyes, accepting his touch as he dried him off and then himself. Taking his hand, he led him out of the bathroom, smirking at the way George tried covering his mouth in a huge yawn.

“Come on sleepyhead,” he said, holding out a hand. “Back to bed with you.”

“Will you stay with me?” George asked, looking up at him with wide, hopeful eyes.

“Of course I will,” Dream agreed easily. He couldn’t think of a better way to spend the day than lazing around in bed with his mate.

George flopped onto the bed, rolling around in it, eyes closed in bliss. He paused on his back, looking up at him, a lazy smile on his face. He held his arms open and Dream crawled into bed with him, pulling the blanket up. George cuddled into him, purring against his neck immediately.

He rolled onto his back, George covering most of his body and he kissed the top of his head again,

feeling perfectly content as he watched George slip back into dreamland, his face evening out in sleep.

With the pad of a finger, he traced over the freckles over George's nose, completely enchanted by how beautiful he was. He had found himself a good mate, pretty and fierce and undeniably sweet. Making sure he was still asleep, he brushed his hair back, examining the mark on his neck. It was deep, high on his throat, the bruises starting to purple. He traced the teeth marks with his finger, shivering as he felt it through their bond, his own mark tingling as well.

Dream smiled, watching George until his eyelids felt heavy, eventually closing them, breathing in their combined scents that blanketed the entire room, completely at peace.

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